

Marrying the Man in the Dark (Damien and Cherise)

Chapter 8

Chapter 8 Don't Concern Yourself About It

Tristan's gaze made Cherise uncomfortable.

She took a deep breath and smiled politely at Tristan before pushing Damien in his wheelchair toward the house.

However, Tristan extended his arm and blocked her way as she tried to walk past him.

"Why are you so anxious to go in? Are you afraid to talk to me?"

He crossed his arms and looked at Damien with disgust and contempt. In contrast, his voice was kind, with a hint of concern. "Damien, your wife keeps avoiding me. I think she has an ulterior motive for marrying you."

He briefly glanced at Cherise's chest with leering eyes.

Cherise frowned and instinctively turned away.

But that only made him leer at her more daringly. His lips curved into an arrogant smirk. "Damien, Grandpa is old and might be unable to see through the tricks of young women like her. On the other hand, I have vast experience. What about this? I'll talk to your wife privately and assess her character for you!"

Cherise tightened her grip on Damien's wheelchair.

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Although she was an orphan from the countryside, her uncle and his wife were generous to her. Thus, she grew up well and developed beautiful curves.

Although several male students ogled her body at school, she was not afraid because Lucy protected her.

However, Cherise was now in Lenoir Residence, Tristan's territory.

Furthermore, Damien was blind and could not see how Tristan looked at her. He would also not know what Tristan would do to her if he were to permit Tristan to talk to her in private.

Cherise could not rebuff Tristan because he had not done anything out of bounds.

She bit her lip, praying that Damien would not agree to Tristan's unreasonable request.

Damien sensed Cherise's hands trembling behind him.

Even with the black ribbon over his eyes, he could see Tristan's leering expression illuminated by the street lamp.

Thus, he pursed his lips and replied indifferently. "This is the first time you have shown so much concern for me after all these years. I remember when my previous fiancée died in a car accident, you said, 'Who cares. She's better off dead than marrying a cursed man.'"

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Chapter 8 Don't Concern...

93.71%

+10 pearls

Tristan's expression darkened.

He cleared his throat. "It was only a joke. Damien, I offer to vet your wife out of concern for you. After all, you can only hear her voice, but..."

His gaze landed on Cherise's trim waist before continuing, "I can see everything about her."

He looked at Cherie with unconcealed desire. "That's why it's best that you allow me to examine her for you."

Cherise's face turned pale.

Tristan sounded sincerely concerned but looked at Damien with disdain and mockery.

How *dare* he *accuse me of having ulterior motives*?

“She is only a country bumpkin. You shouldn’t trouble yourself over her, Tristan.”

Then, Damien continued evenly, “It’s not easy for me to get a wife. I’m happy to accept her even if she approaches me *ulteriorly*.”

“Furthermore,” he laughed and said, “Cherise is an orphan. She’s likely jinxed, too, since she is married to a cursed man like me. It would be unfortunate if you met with a disaster after talking to her.”

Damien’s words were heavily implied with a warning.

Tristan was briefly stunned.

Thinking that Cherise could be cursed like Damien, Tristan stepped back and turned the other way, not daring to look at her again.

He was not usually superstitious, but it was better to be safe than sorry regarding such things.

Damien wanted to laugh as he looked at Tristan’s expression. “We will head in first.”

Cherise breathed a sigh of relief and pushed the wheelchair through the gate.

As she walked past Tristan, she felt a sudden pain in her butt. It felt like someone pinched her.

A wave of disgust filled her. She recklessly rushed ahead, pushing Damien into the residence’s compound.

Cherise only dared to pause once they reached a small garden. However, she was still afraid.

She did not expect to experience sexual harassment for the first time at the hands of her husband’s cousin.

Worse, it was right outside his grandfather’s house.

Chapter 8 Don't Concern...

+10 pearls

“Is something wrong?” Damien asked with a frown,

“No, it’s nothing.”

Cherise did not dare to tell Damien the truth.

It was because she, Damien, and Tristan were the only ones at the scene just now.

Even if she told Damien what Tristan did, all Tristan had to do was deny it, and she could do nothing against him.

Then, the Lenoir family would think Cherise was a troublemaker and that Damien had lost his mind in siding with her.

Therefore, she had no choice but to stay silent despite what Tristan had done to her.

“Can I have some water?”

Damien’s words pulled her back to reality.

There was not a single servant in the garden.

Cherise pursed her lips and replied, “I’ll get you a glass of water. Please wait for a moment.”

Then, she entered the villa to get water for him.

However, Lenoir Residence was too vast. It took her some time to find a glass of water. When she returned, Damien had put down a phone for the visually impaired.

“This place is too big.”

She wiped her sweat-covered forehead.

Damien accepted the glass of water and sipped before saying indifferently, “Do you regret marrying me?”

Cherise immediately shook her head. “No, I don’t regret it.”

Although he is disabled and is regarded as cursed by others, I would never be able to find enough money to treat Grandma’s illness without his help. He saved my Grandma. Why would I regret marrying someone who saved her?

Silence fell between them.

After a while, Damien sighed and said, “You must let me know if anyone wronged you. I may not be able to see, but it doesn’t mean I don’t care.”

Cherise was a forgiving person. After running around Lenoir Residence, she completely forgot about the incident with Tristan. Therefore, she did not realize Damien referred to what had happened previously.

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16:00 **Mon, 16**

Chapter 8 Don’t Concern...

+10 pearls

She glanced at the sky and said, “Should we go in?”

Damien paused before answering, “Sure.”

They arrived at the living room to find Old Mr. Lenoir chatting with Damien’s uncle, Raymond Lenoir, and Raymond’s wife, Wanda Payson.

Old Mr. Lenoir waved upon seeing them. “Cherise!”

“Grandpa!”

Cherise smiled sweetly and quickly pushed Damien into the living room.

Old Mr. Lenoir smiled as he watched her come over. “What a nice girl!”

Raymond glanced at Cherise. “You chose her yourself. I do not doubt that she’s a good person.”

However, Wanda laughed scornfully beside Raymond. "I heard Damien flew in to a rage this morning due to Cherise and kicked out an old servant!"

"Damien had always been mild-tempered, yet he behaved unreasonably so soon after marrying that girl. She must be a bad influence..."

Old Mr. Lenoir frowned and interrupted, "Damien is too withdrawn. It's good that he has someone who can make him angry."

Wanda furrowed her brow. She did not expect Old Mr. Lenoir to go to such lengths to defend Cherise.

"Good evening, Grandpa! Good evening, Uncle Raymond!"

Cherise greeted them while coming over, pushing Damien in his wheelchair. Then, she poured Damien a glass of water and said, "The garden is big. I walked for a long time to get here!"

Old Mr. Lenoir looked at her and smiled. "Did Damien bully you?"

Cherise shook her head. "No, he treats me well."

Wanda sneered, "Of course, he treats you well. He kicked out an old servant this morning for your

sake."

Damien was a peculiar person. Wanda went to lengths to plant June in Damien's villa to spy for her. Unfortunately, June had only been there for less than two days before Damien kicked her out because of Cherise.

Cherise was confused. "Who was kicked out?"

"Aunt Wanda, are you saying I shouldn't terminate the servant who humiliated my wife the day after the wedding?"